

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

"I don't stay at home till I'm faded and grey, I'll see the world, I declare!"

And the mouse took his tail in a desperate way through the hole at the bottom of the box.

My father and mother can travel about, but I must stay home till I die!

They say I'm too simple, too small to go out, and think themselves wiser than I.

I'll show them if I can be treated or no, if I'm not so contented as they are.

The thing they call cats will not find me so slow, but I can keep out of their way.

I shan't lose my breath as my mother has done, nor my tail, as my grandfather did.

The truth is, they're getting too old for a run, while I am as spry as a kid.

So he twisted about with his stiff little tail, till it stuck where his head was before.

Then started to walk to the old kitchen post that stood on the bright yellow floor.

Two quite an excursion—just so he thought, as he cautiously traveled about.

"How silly," he murmured, "that mice should be caught."

Who should do the catching instead?

"Let the things they call cats bother me, if they dare; I'll carry them home for my tea!"

And the mouse looked about with the confident air for the creature he thought them to be.

That great furry mass lying there in the sun was a mouse, without any doubt.

He never imagined the thing could be one of the cats he'd been cautioned about.

So he walked to its side in a critical way, as so to itself and as bold.

When—swoop went a paw on his back of grey, and, well, what remains to be told?

The old mouse came home early that night, and found the old cat on the floor.

Her jaws were all bloody, and close at her right, lay the first mouse of the poor little mouse who thought himself wiser than they.

—N. Y. Independent.

THE LOTTERY TICKET.

James Lanning was a mechanic, a young, honest man, whose highest ambition was to gain a comfortable home for himself and wife, and to be thought well of by his neighbors. He had built himself a mortgage of five hundred dollars; but this sum he hoped to pay in a very few years, if he had only his health. He had calculated exactly how long it would take him to clear off this incumbrance, and he went to work with his eyes open.

One evening, James came home to his supper more thoughtful than usual. His young wife noticed his manner, and she inquired its cause.

"What is it, James?" she kindly asked. "Why, I never saw you look so sober before."

"Well, I'll tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner, "I have just been thinking that I would buy a lottery ticket."

Hannah Lanning did not answer immediately. She looked down, and smoothed the silver hair of her babe, which was chirping like a little robin in her arms, and the shades of her handsome features showed that she was taking time to think.

"How much will it cost?" she asked at length, looking half timidly up at her husband's face.

"Twenty dollars," returned James, trying to assume a confidence which he did not feel.

"And have you made up your mind to buy it?"

"Well, I tell you, Hannah," returned the young man, with a slight hesitation in his manner, "I have just been thinking that I would buy a lottery ticket."

"But many reasons," returned the wife, in a trembling tone.

She would not offend her husband, and she shrank from giving him advice which he might not follow.

"In the first place," said she, "I think the whole scheme of lotteries is a bad one; and then you have no money to risk."

"But just look at the prize," said James, drawing a "scheme" from his pocket. "Here is one prize of twenty thousand dollars, another of ten thousand, another of five thousand, and so on. Something tells me that if I buy a ticket I shall draw a large prize. And then just think, Hannah, how easily I could pay all my debts for good weeks back, or perhaps have a good handsome sum left."

"Honey!" exclaimed the young man, "Surely there's nothing dishonest in drawing a prize in a lottery."

"I think there is," kindly, but emphatically, returned the wife. "All games of hazard, where money is at stake, are dishonest. Were you to draw a prize of twenty thousand dollars, you would rob a thousand men of twenty dollars each; or, at least, you would take from them money for which they returned them no equivalent. Is it not gambling, in every sense of the word?"

"Oh, no! You look upon the matter in too strong a light," said James, with a smile. "What you may draw, one may lose; and perhaps it may be one who can afford the loss no better than you can. I wouldn't buy the ticket, James. Let us live on the products of our honest gains, and we shall be happier."

James Lanning was uneasy. He had no answer for his wife's arguments; at least none that could spring from his moral convictions, and he let the matter drop. But the young man could not drive the syren from his heart. All the next day his head was full of "prizes," and while he was at his work he kept uttering to himself twenty thousand dollars, "Ten thousand dollars," "Five thousand dollars," and so on.

When he went home the next night, he was almost unhappy with the nervous anxiety into which he had thrown himself. The tempter had grasped him firmly, and whenever he thought of the lottery he thought of nothing but piles of gold and silver. In short, James Lanning had made up his mind that he would buy the ticket. He went to the little box where he already had one hundred and twenty dollars laid up toward paying off the mortgage from his house. The lock clicked with a startling sound, and when he threw back the cover, he hesitated.

He looked at his wife, and he saw that she was sad.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall draw a prize!" he said, with a faint, falling smile.

He took four half eagles from the box, and put them into his pocket. His wife said nothing. She played with her baby to hide her sadness; for she did not wish to say more on the subject. She had seen that little pile of gold gradually accumulating, and both she and her husband had been happy in anticipating the day when the pretty cottage would be their own. But when she saw those four pieces of gold taken away from the store, she felt a foreboding of evil. She might have spoken again against the movement, but she saw that her husband was sorely tender on the subject, and she let the affair go to the hands of fate.

A week elapsed from the time that James bought his ticket to the drawing of the lottery, and during that time the young man had not a moment of real enjoyment. He was alternating between hope and fear, and therefore his mind was constantly on the stretch.

At length the day arrived. James went to the office, and found that the drawing had taken place, and that the list of prizes had been made out. He seized the list and turned away, so that those standing around should not see his face. He read the list through, but he searched for his number in vain. It was not there. He had drawn a blank! He left the office an unhappy man. He had been the service of two months of hard labor, and he felt their loss most keenly.

When he returned home that night he told his wife that he had lost. She found no fault with him. She only kissed him, and even though that the lesson was a good one, even though it had been dearly bought.

But James Lanning was not satisfied. He brooded over his loss with a bitter spirit, and at last the thought came to him that he might yet draw a prize. He wished that he had not bought the first ticket, and he thought if he could only get back his twenty dollars he would buy no more; but he could not rest under his loss. He was determined to make one more trial, and he did so. This time he purchased the ticket without his wife's knowledge. The result was the same. He drew a blank!

"Twenty dollars!" said a sentence that dwelt fearfully upon the young mechanic's lips.

"Oh, I must draw a prize!" he said to himself. "I must make up what I have lost. Let me once do that, and I'll buy no more tickets."

Another twenty dollars was taken from the little bank, another ticket was bought, another blank was drawn. At the end of three months the little bank was empty, and James Lanning had the last ticket in his pocket. Ah, how earnestly he prayed that he did not consider the ticket a prize! He had become pale and careworn, and his wife, poor, confiding soul, thought he only repined because he had lost twenty dollars. When she would try to cheer him, he would laugh, and try to make the matter light.

"James," said his wife one day—it was the day before that on which the lottery was to be drawn in which he held the sixth ticket. "Mr. Rowe has been here to-day after his semi-annual interest. I told him that you would see him to-morrow."

"Yes," said James, in a faint tone. "Yes, to-morrow I shall pay him."

Young Lanning thought of the lottery and of the prize. This was his sixteenth trial, and he felt sure that he should draw.

The morning came, and when James Lanning returned to his home at night he was penniless! All his golden visions had fled away, and he was left in darkness and misery.

James, have you paid Mr. Rowe his interest yet?" asked Hannah.

The young man leant his head upon his hands and groaned aloud.

"For heaven's sake, James, what has happened?" cried the startled wife, springing to the side of her husband, and twining her arm about his neck.

The young man looked up with a wild, haggard expression. His lips were bloodless, and his features were all stricken with a death-hue.

"What is it? Oh, what?" murmured the wife.

"Go to the poor man—our little bank!" groaned the poor man.

Hannah hastened away, and when she returned, she bore an empty box in her hand.

"Robbed!" she gasped, as she sank trembling down by her husband's side.

"Yes, Hannah," whispered the husband. "I have robbed you."

The stricken wife gazed upon her husband with a vacant look, for at first she did not comprehend; but she remembered his behavior for weeks back; she remembered how he had murmured in his sleep of lotteries and tickets, of blanks and prizes, and gradually the truth broke in upon her.

"I have done it all, Hannah," hoarsely whispered the condemned man, when he saw that his wife had guessed the truth. "All has gone for lottery tickets. I felt a perfect assurance that whatever it was which stood before me, it was not a breathing creature self-restrained into absolute stillness. How long I remained gazing at the figure I can not remember, but I know that I continued steadfastly looking at it until I had assured myself that to my mind, it is probably unhealthy condition! The picture was perfect in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet further away—hung my college suppliance."

"The tears which glistened in the moonlight," Mr. Proctor accounts for in this way: "Over my suppliance I had hung a rowing bell, and the silvered buckles (partly concealed by the folds of the suppliance) shone in the moonlight."

GRATEFUL men show their genius in boyhood, and give promise of what they will do in later life. When the philosopher, Newton, was a lad, he made a mill with his jackknives, copied wheels by wheel from a wind-mill that ground corn upon a hill near to Grantham, in Lincolnshire, where he went to school. He made his little mill at last so perfect, that by turning a mouse into its door, by some curious system of tread-wheels the machinery would begin to move, and the mill to grind. He made also a little water-clock, which kept time perfectly; and he placed a dial on the wall of the house where he was born, which only a few years back was in place still.

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TO REMOVE FLY SPOTS.—Dip a camel's hair brush into spirits of wine, and apply it to the spots.

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able. Perhaps I shall never want it. You must not chide me, for never did I derive more pleasure from its possession than I now feel in the result of its disposal."

James Lanning clasped his wife to his bosom, and he murmured a prayer, and in that prayer there was a pledge.

Two years have passed away, and, during that time, James Lanning lost not a single day from his work. He was as punctual as the sun, and the result was sure.

It was late one Saturday evening when he came home. After supper, he drew a paper from his pocket, and laid it out upon the table.

"There, Hannah," said he, while a noble pride beamed in every feature, "that is my mortgage. I've paid it—every cent. This house is ours; it is our own house. I've bought it with dollars, every one of which has been honestly earned by the sweat of my brow. I am happy now."

Hannah Lanning saw that her husband had opened his arms, and she sat down upon his knee, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Oh, blessed moment!" she murmured.

"Yes, it is a blessed moment," responded the husband. "Do you remember, Hannah, the moment of bitterness that we saw two years ago?"

The wife shuddered, but she made no reply.

"I continued the young man, 'I have never forgotten that bitter lesson; and even now I tremble when I think how fatally I was deceived by the tempter that has lured so many thousands to destruction.'"

"But its terror is lost in this happy moment," said Hannah, looking up with a smile.

"Its terror may be lost," resumed James, "but its lesson must never be forgotten. Ah, the luring lottery ticket has a dark side—a side which few see until they feel it."

"And are all its sides dark?" softly asked the wife. "If there is any brightness about it, it is only the glare of the fatal ignis fatuus, which can only lead the wayward traveler into danger and disaster."

"You are right, my dear wife. You were right at first. Ah," he continued, as he drew the faithful being more closely to his bosom, "if husbands would often obey the tender dictates of the loving wife, there would be far less of misery in the world than there is now."

Effects of the Imagination.

In an essay entitled "Notes on Ghosts and Goblins," in his recently published volume, "The Borderland of Science," Richard A. Proctor gives an instance of optical illusion experienced by himself, which aptly illustrates the way in which a belief in the appearance of a ghost might originate in a superstitious age, or in any case where the person experiencing the illusion happened to have weak nerves or feeble wits. Mr. Proctor's mother had died some months before the time of which he writes; and the scene of the occurrence was in his college. "I had on one evening been particularly, I told him that you would see him to-morrow."

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FARM AND FIELDSIDE.

HOUSEHOLD MEASURES.—As all families are not provided with scales and weights referring to ingredients in general use by every housewife, the following information may be useful:

Wheat flour, one quart is one pound. Indian meal, one quart is one pound and two ounces.

Butter, when soft, one quart is one pound one ounce. Lard sugar, broken, one quart is one pound one ounce.

White sugar, powdered, one quart is one pound one ounce. Best brown sugar, one quart is one pound two ounces.

Eggs, average size, ten eggs are one pound. Sixteen large table-spoons are a half pint, eight are a gill, four are a half gill, etc.

EXTERMINATION OF BED-BUGS.—A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "We moved into a frame house, about two years old, and my congregation was very great to find it thoroughly stocked with these pests; there was not a crack or crevice that was free; they were under the baseboards and over them. After fighting them eight years I learned from a girl who had served as a chambermaid in a large boarding-house that bugs can be completely exterminated by the use of kerosene. I immediately followed her direction, which was to take grease that was cooked out of salt pork, to melt it, and so keep it melted (the vessel can be kept in a pan of coals), and to put it in the feather end of a quill in every place I could find a bug. It is necessary to see that the bed covers are entirely free from the pests, and I will warrant there will be no more trouble. It is more than thirty years since a bug has been seen in my house."

WORKING TOO HARD.—All over the land the cry is from farmers' wives, "I'm tired; my work is so hard, I do not think farming pays, there is so much hard labor connected with it." I wish I could say to every one of them, don't work all the time. Let something go undone if you can not do it without overtaxing your strength. Constant labor, from sunrise to sunset, makes a joyless life. I remember, in my early married life, when my husband and I first started on a new farm, that I worked as hard as I could all the time for a week at a time. I have washed, and churned, and baked (for a small family, to be sure), besides doing the inevitable work that comes every day in a house. I look back now with regret on the waste of strength I was guilty of by so doing. Big days' work breaks down men and women both, prematurely. Have moral courage enough to be called lazy rather than ruin your health by constant overwork. Do not consider the time thrown away that you spend resting and reading. Feed your mind as well as your body, if you would "live while you live."

PLASTER AND ASHES.—Once, while riding in the cars, we noticed on either side of the track, for some distance, a tract of almost barren sand, the only vegetation seen being, now and then, a sickly white birch and a little sorry-looking sorrel. Two gentlemen, evidently farmers, were talking of manures, when one said:

"Do you know what would clothe these lands with a good crop of clover?"

The other gentleman was incredulous, and shook his head.

"Well," continued his interrogator, "plaster and ashes will do it, for I have tried it on just such land, and at the end of the third year there was a heavy sward on it."

We did not forget the conversation, but went home and sowed a barren knoll over with plaster and ashes, and to our astonishment a good crop of clover came in, though we did not put on a grain of seed. We then tried the experiment on our pasture lands, with marked success, so much so that we recommended it to our neighbors whose pastures were this, and in three years the pasture land in that section would feel nearly double the stock that fed on them before. Ashes in the neighboring village rose in price, and the farmers to-day buy all they can get at sixty and seventy-five cents a barrel.

And find it pays well at that. We have seen that there is much land now almost worthless that will one day be made valuable by the use of plaster and ashes.—Farmers' Union.

A HANDY GARDEN ROLLER.—Take a joint of stove pipe, six, seven, or eight inches in diameter; set one end upon an inch board, and with a scratchawl or pencil mark around on the inside; reverse the pipe and mark the other end. Then, with a pair of compasses, find the center of these two wheels and strike around their circumference, allowing for the iron. Saw or cut them true and round; bore a hole with a bit in their centers, to receive a shaft of half-inch round iron that passes three inches longer than the length of pipe. Now fit in one of these heads, and upset the sheet-iron pipe over it enough to hold it firmly in place. Put the shaft in and set the whole end on the ground, taking care that the shaft stands true; and lastly put in a quart or two of dry sand, and tamp it hard with a suitable rammer, repeating the operation till the pipe is full of sand. The roller is then ready for use, and it is probably the most perfect roller in all respects. At last I raised my head from the pillow, intending to draw nearer to the mysterious figure. But it was quite unnecessary. I had not raised my head three inches before the ghost was gone, and in its place—or rather, not in its place, but five or six feet further away—hung my college suppliance."

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improve the appearance of pictures. By coating both sides of important documents they can be kept waterproof and preserved perfectly.

TO PRESERVE FRUIT JELLIES FROM MOULD.—Cover the surface one-fourth of an inch deep with fine pulverized salt sugar. When thus protected, the jellies will keep for years in good condition, and free from mouldiness.

PICKLED PEACHES.—To nine pounds of peaches take three pounds of brown sugar, one ounce each of cinnamon bark, cloves, nutmeg and allspice, and one quart of good vinegar; put sugar, vinegar and spices in a kettle, and boil thoroughly. When skimmed and while boiling, pour this over the peaches. Boil the syrup for nine mornings, and pour over the peaches. Then tie them up and set in a cool place.

HOW TO COOK CORNED BEEF.—The Boston Journal of Commerce says: "Don't boil it, for corned beef should never be boiled. It should only simmer, being placed on a part of the range or stove where this process may go on uninterrupted from four to six hours, according to the size of the piece. If it is to be served, let the meat remain in the liquor until cold. Tough meat can be made tender by letting it remain in the liquor until the next day, and then bring it to the boiling point just before serving."

MOTH PREVENTATIVE.—The following recipe for keeping moths out of clothing, the Journal of Chemistry says, is a favorite in some families: Mix half a pint of alcohol, the same quantity of spirits of turpentine, and two ounces of camphor. Keep in a stone bottle, and shake before using. The clothes, or furs, are to be wrapped in linen, and crumpled up pieces of blotting paper dipped in the liquid are to be placed in the box with them, so that it smells strong. This requires renewing about once a year.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Make a very weak solution of chloride of lime in water—about a heaping teaspoonful to a quart of water; strain it carefully, and dip the spot on the garment in it, and if the mildew does not disappear immediately, lay it in the sun for a few minutes, or dip it again in the lime water. The work is effectually and speedily done, as is necessary, by experiment, that the chloride of lime either rinses the cloth, or removes delicate colors, when sufficiently diluted, and the article rinsed afterward in clear water.

WHITENING BRESWAX.—In cool weather wax can be whitened in a little while in the sun by spreading it out in very thin flakes or layers. Take a very thin board or a clean shingle and wet it thoroughly, and then dip it first in pure melted wax. It will adhere to the shingle in sufficient quantity to make it white, as is necessary, by experiment, that the chloride of lime either rinses the cloth, or removes delicate colors, when sufficiently diluted, and the article rinsed afterward in clear water.

USEFUL INFORMATION.

COCKROACHES drive away vermin. Three pecks of wheat is the usual amount of seed per acre.

TROY has a hen which drinks larger beer regularly every day.

SOUTH BEND embraces a farmer who sells a ton of hay a year.

It is of no advantage to rub the sides of beehives with aromatic herbs or so-called salve or other substance.

Now is the time to cut bushes with a view of killing them. It is a good plan to look over the farm and see if there are not some that can be dispensed with.

Hogs intended for fattening should be pushed now. A pound of corn now will lay on more fat than a pound and a half in cold weather. Besides, early pork pays better, usually, than that made in winter. The butchers want light pigs, and will pay fairly for them. Give the swine plenty of water and shade, but not much range.

If an edge tool is so hard as to crumple, grind it on a dry stone until the edge turns blue; it will then cease to break, and the temper will generally prove to be about right.

As old English farmwives bean and pea meal into balls with linned oil, and feeds a few days along with cut straw and hay. He never has a case of wind-blowing or colic in his stables.

Keeping a flock of sheep steadily, the chief errors to guard against are confining the flock too close in winter and selling the best ewe lambs. No flock can thoroughly prosper unless all the best females come around in turn as breeders and the flock is kept young. A lot of old toothless-mouthed